PENTHEUS,

First, shear that delicate curl that dangles there*

[He beckons to the soldiers, who approach
DIONYSUS.

DIONYSUS,

I have vowed it to *my* God 5 'tis holy hair.

*[The soldiers cut off the trm**

PENTHEUS,

Next, yield me up thy staff!

DIONYSUS.

Raise thine own hand
To take it. This is Dionysus' wand.

[PENTHKUS *tah$ the staff.*

PENTHEUS.

Last, I will hold thee prisoned here.

DIONYSUS.

My Lord God will unloose me, when I speak the word.

PENTHEUS.

He may, if e'er again amid his bands
Of saints he hears thy voice 1

DIONYSUS.

Even now he stands
Close herej and sees all that I suffer.

PENTHEUS,

What?
Where is he ? For mint eyes discern him not.